

Made Clay Cannon Balls.
A Tokyo paper states that prior to a Chinese naval inspection by Lung Chang, the men manufactured cannon balls out of clay, painted them black and passed inspection with this bogus equipment. A Yokohama paper prints portions of the poetical tariff speech of Representative Brosius of Pennsylvania. Large coal merchants of Japan are charged with furnishing coal supplies to the Chinese navy. The gold ingots and coins captured by the Japanese at Ping Yang amount to 700,000 yen. Count Oyama, the war minister, has issued a proclamation urging troops to show every kindness to Chinese wounded, that they, "should not be more anxious to display carnage than charity." The Japanese naval expert says torpedo boats proved a failure at the Yalu naval battle. A Japanese clerk, recently beheaded in Tien Tsin, is supposed to be one of two students surrendered by the American consul.

A Flaw Revealed.
Chicago Tribune: "I wish you hadn't had your hair cut so short, Harold," exclaimed the young woman, turning away from him in dismay.
"What difference does it make, dearest?" asked Harold, with tender anxiety.
"You—you have destroyed an illusion," she sighed. "That is all."
"You didn't think I was a poet, did you, Clara, because I wore my hair long?"
"No. I never suspected you of being a poet."
"Or an artist?"
"No."
"Then what illusion have I destroyed?" he demanded.
"Perhaps I should not say, Harold," she answered, with tears in her voice, "that you have unconsciously revealed a fact I never suspected, dear. Your ears aren't mates."

Misery After Meals.
The oppressive embargoes levied upon the inner man by his overindulgence in many, dyspepsia, after meals, are lifted and the yoke cast off by that sovereign medicinal liberator from bodily ailments, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Heart burn, flatulence, oppression at the pit of the stomach, the presence of bile where it does not belong, are alike remedied by this potent reformer of a disordered condition of the gastric organ and the liver. It is the prince of tonics and stomachics, invigorating at the same time that it remedies. Both appetite and sleep are improved by it. A wineglass before or after meals, and before retiring will be found an efficient restorative of the ability to digest and assimilate and to rest tranquilly. Use it for malaria, kidney and rheumatic trouble and for constipation. For the aged and infirm it is highly beneficial.

Changing Colors of Glass.
In lecturing on the ruby at the royal institution, London, recently, Professor John W. Judd, the well-known English geologist, alluded to the changes in color which certain kinds of glass undergo when exposed to light. The green glass panes in the conservatories at Kew gradually change through the shades of yellow to a purplish hue under the action of light. Rubies change color in a curious way under the action of heat. Bluish rubies turn green and on cooling regain their original tint. The blue sapphire turns white, and the yellow corundum crystal becomes green.

Invest Now
In the best, most wholesome and most valuable reading obtainable for 1898. The Youth's Companion is of unequalled value and good reading for all the family, and costs but \$1.75 a year.
Mr. Gladstone, 1st of Queen Victoria's daughters, Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain, J. T. Rowlandson, and more than a hundred of our eminent writers contribute to its volume for next year.
New subscribers who send \$1.75 at once receive The Companion free until January 1, 1898, including the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's numbers and a year's subscription besides.
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The Cigar Indian.
Most of the figures used for cigar store signs which formerly were made of wood, are now made of zinc, and 95 per cent of these are Indians. Some of these figures are excellent; in some cases the original model cost \$1,200 or \$1,500. They are made in various sizes from a small figure that can be bought for \$25 or \$30 up. A good seven foot Indian can be bought for \$100.

Society is what people are when they know they are watched.

Photographs have been taken 500 feet under water.

No one can have joy today who is worrying about tomorrow.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chubbiness, Piles, &c. C. G. Clarr Co., New Haven, Ct.

Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment. —L. E. Landon.



WE GIVE AWAY

A Sample Package (4 to 7 doses) of **Dr. Pierce's**

Pleasant Pellets

To any one sending name and address to us on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR. Hence, our object in sending them out broadcast **ON TRIAL.**

They absolutely cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia and kindred derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Don't accept some substitute said to be "just as good."

The substitute costs the dealer less. It costs you ABOUT the same.

HIS profit is in the "just as good."

WHERE IS YOURS?

Address for FREE SAMPLE, **World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON "VICTORY OVER PAIN."

Death the Only Conqueror of the Trials and Tribulations of the World—Rev. 21: iv. "Neither Shall There Be Any More Pain."

BROOKLYN, Nov. 4.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing the close of his globe-circling tour and will shortly reach American shores, has selected as the subject of to-day's sermon through the press: "Victory Over Pain," the text chosen being Revelation 21: iv. "Neither shall there be any more pain."

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is, "What is the health of the place? Is it shaken of terrible disorders? What are the bills of mortality? What is the death rate? How high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, what are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by saying, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain or disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it, beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn and your brain was racked and your heart faint, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle—this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have domestic disappointments. Your children upon whose education you lavished your hard earned dollars, have not turned out as you expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace, entering the other city you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectation will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising up in the vision. This song of transport will lift you to higher anthems; the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous harmony; all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain or weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork and some from dulness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn? these shuttles to fly? these axes to hew; these shovels to delve; these pens to fly; these books to be posted; these goods to be sold? Ah! the great holiday approaches. No more course of taskmasters. No more stooping until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty, and nothing to buy bread with for your children, to live in an unhealthy row, and no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease, and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world, and you not have anything to help them in starting; with a mind capable of research and high contemplation, to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelihood.

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot; but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his disease, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages; no almshouse, for they are all princes; no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshippers. No hovels, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." No more pain!

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together; but we must after awhile separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation; but God knows that it is the last time, and that messengers from eternity, on

their errand to take us away, know it is the last time; and in heaven, where they make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

On the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us, and to the doctors to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone, and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away, and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to feel differently, and to resolve on self control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self control, to suddenly come upon some little coat, or picture, or shoe half worn out, and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness. I know religion gives great consolation such an hour, and I ought to be comforted; but anyhow and anyway you make it, it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at rail car window we may smile when we say farewell; but these good-byes at the death bed, they just take hold of the heart with iron fingers, and tear it out by the roots till all the fibers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are vine presses into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round until we are utterly crushed, and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, at every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many hand-clasps and embracings, but only in recognition. That great home circle never breaks. Once find your comrades there, and you have them forever. No crane floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shore. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the limbs of the death chill, the feet cold until hot fannels can not warm them. No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pincers must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital. Scores of diseases like vultures contending for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head toss in consuming fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy, and weak, and short-breathed, and dim-sighted. On every northeast wind come down pleurisy and pneumonias. War lift, its sword and hawks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic cholera and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues make the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street, and up every ladder, and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clip of elephant's tusk, and adder's sting, and crocodile's tooth, and horse's hoof, and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 262 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5,000 citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, 1,000 grave diggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813, ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweated with suffering.

Go through and examine the lacerations, the gunshot fractures, the sabre wounds, the gashes of the battle axe, the slain of bombshell and exploded mine and falling wall and those destroyed under the gun carriage and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirers, the camp fevers, the frosts that shivered, the tropical suns that smote. Add it up, gather it into one line, compress it into one word, spell it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Ay, the world has writhed in six thousand years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sebastopol coming over to the army of the allies pointed back to the fortress and said: "That place is a perfect hell."

Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having lots of words to express the different shades of trouble, have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "headache," "misery," "twinge," " pang," "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulations," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a mad sound for every hospital, for every sick room, for every life long invalid, for every broken heart. "There shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God!

When we get in the wrong place our right place is empty.

DON'T LOOK FOR IT.

There is no "Safest Car" on a Railroad Train.

"Which is the safest car on a railroad train?" repeated an old Detroit railroad man, as he stroked his chin and seemed to reflect on the question. "Well, the best answer I can make is that it is the car which doesn't run off the rails when all the others do, and which is left on the bank when the rest of the train goes through a bridge."

"You've traveled thousands of miles by rail?" asked the Free Press man.

"Yes; tens of thousands."

"And been in half a dozen accidents?"

"I've been in exactly seventeen railroad accidents, but some of them were hardly worth mentioning."

"And do you locate yourself in any particular part of the train?"

"No. When I first began traveling I wouldn't ride in any coach but the rear one. I had about two dozen reasons why that was the safest car, and for six or eight weeks I went rolling over the country feeling as safe as it in my own brick house. One night we lost too much time at a station, and a special overhauled us and smashed into the rear coach. You'll think it funny, but out of the sixteen people in that car I was the only one badly hurt. I had a leg and two ribs broken, and was covered with bruises. When I was able to be out again I went dead back on the rear car."

"And took the next one to the smoker, eh?"

"That's what I did. A dozen different railroad men had a dozen reasons why that was the safest place, and for three or four months I rode in that car and laughed at the chaps who carried insurance policies. Then my fond dream of safety was rudely shattered. The engine, baggage and smoking cars passed safely over a certain switch while running at the rate of forty miles an hour, but the forward trucks of my car caught somewhere, and the car was twisted out of the train. Yes, sir, it was torn loose at both ends and rolled down an embankment, and not another car left the rails. We had two killed and a dozen hurt, but I got off the car with a bad shaking up. My confidence in the first car was gone, however, never to return."

"And then you took the middle of the train?"

"I did, my son. Yes, I sat down and reasoned it out to my perfect satisfaction that the middle car of the train was as safe as sitting on the postoffice steps in Detroit. It was about a year before anything happened to undecide me. One afternoon, when we were dusting along to make up lost time, we crossed the tracks of another road just a few seconds too soon or too late, just as you will have it. An express train on the other road came booming along and waded right through us. It struck my car, of course, and what was left of it after the grand smash couldn't have been worked over into a wheelbarrow. Five killed was the record, and I got a broken arm, a scalp wound and a general bad shaking up."

"And after that?"

"After that and up to the present date I have no choice. I drop into a seat wherever I can find one and don't worry about accidents. I've known a whole train except the last coach to go through a bridge, and I've known every car but the last to pass safely over. In a head-on collision the forward coach may be smashed all to splinters or it may rear up on end and escape all injury. I was on a train once where a locomotive struck the rear car, rolled it aside without serious injury to anybody, and then killed or wounded every passenger in the next coach. The man who hunts for the safest car on a train is throwing away his time. He may take any car and travel for ten years and never even be delayed by a hot box; he may settle down in a car of his choice and be killed in a ride of ten miles. I once saw twenty-two people smashed to pulp in a coach and yet two fellows who were stealing a ride on the trucks underneath got off scot-free. Just buy a first-class ticket, get aboard before the train goes and leave the rest to providence. If you win it's all right; if you lose your heirs can get from \$3,000 to \$10,000 damages from the company."

A Natural Error.

Over the telephone—"Is this Bonds & Co.?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"We have found that cipher telegram of yours that got lost. This is the telegraph office talking."

"Well, what became of it?"

"A new boy took it over to the office of the Decade Magazine. When the tracer found it there they had it in type. Thought it was a new poem. Had the toughest kind of work getting them to give it up."

Couldn't Get Ahead of Him.

"I understand that the editor dug his political grave yesterday with that speech of his."

"Just like him," growled an opponent. "I knowed he'd find some opening to fill if he had to make it himself."

A Precocious Youngster.

"Charles, you must do what I tell you. When I was a little child like you I was always good and obedient."

"I'm glad to know that, mamma, and you may be sure that I'll say the same to my children when I have any."

Mixed Her Dates.

Witherby—Didn't your new cook leave rather suddenly?

Plankington—Yes. She got mixed in her dates. She had a policeman and a burglar call on her in the same evening.—Life.

The latest investigations by the United States and Canadian Governments show the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in purity and leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to the contrary have been declared by the official authorities falsifications of the official reports.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Something About Hosiery.

A cotton stocking is preferred by many women to a lisle thread, as the twist of the thread in the lisle ones irritates the soles of the feet. Dark-blue and black stockings are liked for street wear, except where tan shoes are worn, and then, of course, the stockings match the shoes. The navy-blue stocking is usually chosen by those who find that the dye from a black stocking affects their skin. This is by no means common, but the very minute it is discovered one should cease wearing the black and select another color, or else wear white, for one never knows to what extent a skin disorder may go. With gray or scarlet shoes or slippers the stockings are chosen to match, and these may be gotten in silk at a much lower price than is given for black ones.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured

by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. F. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 35c.

The Fish's Power.

A fish exerts in great propulsive power with its tail, not its fins. The paddle wheel was made on the fin theory of propulsion, and the screw propeller had its origin in noting the action of the tail. It is now shown that the fins of the tail actually perform the evolutions described by the propeller blades, and that the fish in its sinuous motion through the water depends on the torsional action of the tail to give it power.

MIDNIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS.

Departing Audience of the Broadway Theater Photographed—New Development of the Wonderful Art of Photography.

Mr. Rockwood, the well-known Photographer, has conceived and successfully carried out a new departure in his Art, which seems to be a defiance of all previous photographic conditions. As good pictures can now be made at midnight as in the blaze of the noon-day sun. A photograph of the audience of the Broadway Theatre, was recently taken between eleven and twelve o'clock at night as they were leaving the building. The means for accomplishing this result is a new pyrotechnic compound which Mr. Rockwood has just introduced. The possibilities of the morning papers publishing in picture form the events of the preceding day and night are now manifest. Mr. Rockwood prophesied this some years ago and now sees his dreams accomplished. With the resources of this Art it will be well for the young man about town to be sure that he goes to the theatre with his own girl instead of some other fellow's sweetheart.

A robin redbreast in a cage puts all heaven in a rage.—William Blake.

Avoid temptation by keeping out of bad company.

Immoral custom is transcendent law.—Merrill.

Gold Ring in a Fish.

Lieutenant James H. Minor of the police force, says the Florida Times, was presented with a gold ring yesterday by Captain Harry H. Hayward, who, at the time of coming into possession of the ring was in command of the Nova Scotia bark Alice. Captain Hayward says that while the bark Alice was on her way from New York to Havana he frequently passed the time in fishing, and on June 14, 1892, he caught a large bonito fish, which on being cut open was found to have a plain gold ring inside. It was the common belief of the sailors on the bark that the fish had bitten off the hand of a man, who either fell overboard or went down with his ship. Captain Hayward has taken a great fancy to Lieutenant Minor, and gave him the ring as a token of his friendship.

Make Your Own Bitters

Stekete's Dry Bitter. One package of Stekete's Dry Bitter, will make one Gallon of the best Bitters known; will cure indigestion, pains in the stomach, fever and ague. Acts upon the Kidneys and Bladder; the best tonic known. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, postage prepaid. Price 25 cts. for single, or two packages for 50 cts. U. S. stamps taken in payment. Address GEO. G. STEKETE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Czar Alexander's Diplomacy.

Russia needs peace in order to develop her internal affairs. She entered into relations with France not in order to make war on Germany, but to form a counterpoise to the triple alliance and prevent France from embarking on a policy of adventure which might have dragged Russia against her will into war. Now that Russia is sure of the pacific intentions of France, she is binding Germany to her by ties of interest. Thus she holds in her hands the policy of two great nations which for nearly a quarter of a century have maintained a hostile attitude. If it is Alexander III who personally directs the foreign policy of his empire, it must be admitted that he is endowed with admirable diplomatic resources, for the game has been played so quietly and so surely as to be worthy the eulogium of future historians.—Paris Herald.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant favor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results will follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

The root of all discontent is self-love.—J. F. Clarke.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is not a liquid or a snuff. It quickly relieves Cold in the Head, Headache, &c., and really cures Catarrh. 50c.

The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.

Harrison's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Love is the only thing that can lengthen burdens by adding to them.

If the Enby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and take that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WASSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Cutting Teeth.

The only real courage is that which comes from knowing we are right.

Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

If you are leading a child, it may be that you are commanding a great army.

ST. JACOBS OIL IS THE KING CURE FOR **BURNS LUMBAGO**

THE SPENCER REPEATING SHOT GUNS Improved 1894. Former price, \$40.00; our price, \$17.50. Has Fine Twist Barrels, Latest Improved Action, Case Mounted Frame, Walnut Stock, Pistol Grip, Hardwood Hand Slide, Double Butt Plate, Detachable Barrel and Magazine. Will send C. O. D. to any point in the United States with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$6.00, to guarantee express charges. Send for our 64th CATALOGUE, No. 800 B. J. F. SCHMELTZER & SONS, 511 and 543 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

For Twenty Years

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. There is no secret about its ingredients. Physicians prescribe

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because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scorfula, Anemia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put in salmon-colored wrapper. Refuse inferior substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion, FREE.

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